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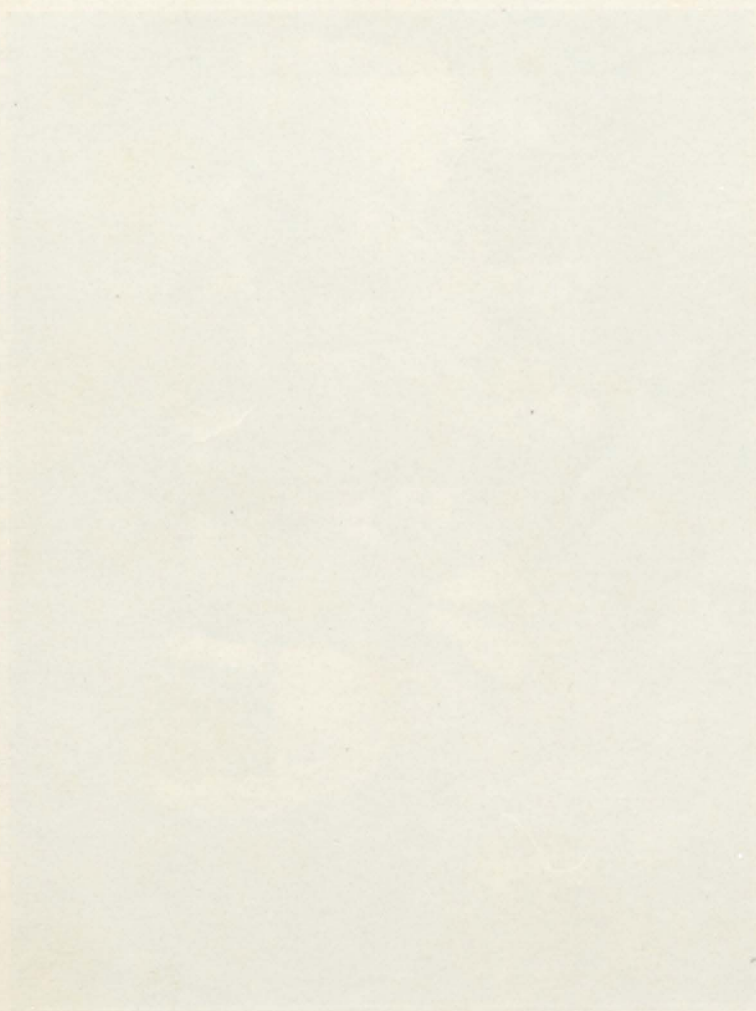
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The Academy Herald





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The Academy Herald

VOL. XVII,

BETHEL, MAINE, MARCH, 1913.

NO. 2.

THE ACADEMY HERALD

Devoted to the Interest of
GOULD'S ACADEMY

Published by the Students at the end of the
Fall and Winter Terms.

TERMS:

20 cents per Copy,

40 cents per Year.

Subscriptions Should be Addressed to the
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Printed by F. B. Merrill, Bethel, Maine.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Editorial, - - - - -	3
School Loyalty, - - - - -	6
The Panama Canal, - - - - -	7
A Day at Athens, - - - - -	10
From Bliss to Despair, and Return, - - - - -	11
The Fairy Woman of the West, - - - - -	14
Quotations Applied, - - - - -	14
Y. M. C. A., - - - - -	16
Y. W. C. A., - - - - -	17
Watch Yourself Go By, - - - - -	18
Be Cheerful, - - - - -	18
The Boys' Conference, - - - - -	19
His "Lady Friends," - - - - -	20
Under The School Clock, - - - - -	20
Class Statistics, - - - - -	22
Holden Hall Notes, - - - - -	24
Shakespearean Romance, - - - - -	25
School Notes, - - - - -	25
Obituary, - - - - -	26
Academy Fair and Entertainment, - - - - -	26
Athletics, - - - - -	29
Exchanges - - - - -	35



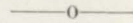
Once more the Herald greets its friends, and another Editorial Board makes its final bow and moves on to make room for its successors. We realize that our work has been imperfectly, and often tardily performed, but we have meant to do our best, and we ask our friends to give us at least partial credit for what we have desired and tried to do.

—o—

The nation has just entered on a new administration. Once more a Virginian is our chief executive. The Democratic party for many years out of power, has been gaining ascendancy the past few years, and at present, not only has a worthy representative in the White House but a majority in Congress. President Wilson's election marks a new era in national his-

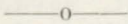
tory, more far-reaching than the mere triumph of a political party; for the election of a Southern man shows the complete restoration of the Union, and the placing of an educator at the head of our government is significant. It proves that the American people have come to a realization of the value of education not apart from, but in life itself. Mr. Wilson was for many years an educator of national reputation and in a position to study at close range the tendencies of the rising generation. As president of a large university he had ample opportunity for the development of executive ability, and for forming theories of government. As Governor of New Jersey a broader field opened to him. Principles of just dealing and wise statesmanship were announced in both his inaugural address and that of Vice-President Marshall. Consideration of economic interests has been shown in the omission of the inaugural ball and already a decided stand has been taken on the total abstinence question. It now remains for this man with lofty ideals, with a well chosen cabinet to carry out for four years his carefully formed theories, not evolved amid the smoke and slaughter of battle or from cross questioning in the court room, but from the experience of the college lecture room and a careful, quiet study of "how the present came to be what it is." We, as teachers and students of Gould's Academy, should draw inspiration from this national recognition of a modern educator.

I wonder how many of us ever stop to think whether the book we are reading is really a good book, or not; whether its teachings are such that it will influence us for good or evil, or, if it is a book that we would advise others to read? I am sure that many of us do not think of any of these things. A good, wholesome book is a good friend. We would not care to have for a friend a person who was scorned and looked down upon by anyone. Nor would we wish to associate with such a person. On the other hand, if we have for a friend and associate a person who is honest, thoughtful, kind and considerate, one whom everyone respects, will we not be made better because of this friend? Indeed we will. And so we may be made better and nobler because of our association with good books. It is as easy to cultivate a taste for good literature as for poor, and when we once acquire this taste it will become a habit, and one which we will not care to break. So I think that we should always stop and think whether we shall be benefited, or not, by the books we read.



Few people realize how much influence they have over others. There is not a person, however unimportant and useless he may seem to himself who does not sometime set an example for another. Many young people have an older person whom they copy, and frequently that older person is entirely unconscious of his influence. I remem-

ber a story I once read of a boy who looked up in everything to an older man. The man did not know the boy intimately, and never dreamed of his influence over the young, susceptible nature. One day the boy's father said jokingly, "By the way, Jones, did you know that my boy has set you up as an idol, thinks you are perfect, and copies everything you do?" But Jones did not take it as a joke. He was thunderstruck. Said he, "If I had only known! If I had only known! I might have done so much better!" We are all Joneses, whether to a great extent or not, and it is not often that we realize that fact. There is not one of us who may not have enough influence over another to change entirely that other's life. In the case of Jones and the boy, Jones was a good man, and had no evil influence on the lad, but if he had not been an upright man the boy, copying him in the blindness of youth in which the imitative instinct is remarkably keen, might have formed lasting bad habits. Each morning we ought to resolve that during the day we will do nothing which will influence wrongly any of those about us. One who possesses personal influence holds in his keeping a sacred thing, which it is his duty to guard carefully that he may never be unworthy of his trust.



We often notice the tendency among our classmates to criticize the failings of others. We greet that tendency,

when we recognize it with disdain, and think to ourselves how unmannerly and discourteous it is. However, let us stop and think a moment. Don't we often get into a discussion and make the same remarks. Remarks, that reaching the ear of the person discussed, or of their friends, wound their feelings. Often when hearing one person praised by another, does not the little green god of jealousy tear at our hearts and urge us to tell of some failing in that person, which, overlooked by others, we have noticed? How much better it would have been if we had let those words go unspoken and how much better we would have felt afterward. Perhaps we do it thoughtlessly, without thinking of the pain it will cause, or of how these little words, heedlessly dropped, will go forever on their journey of harm. For, as surely as they are spoken, they will be remembered, repeated, and unfailingly exaggerated. It is not only the harm that they do to others that we need to think of, we must think of the harm they do to us, also. We cannot speak disrespectfully of others without losing a certain amount of our own self-respect. And we are cognizant of the fact that every bit of respect that we lose to ourselves, makes itself felt upon others. There is an old adage that says, "Chickens come home to roost." These words may be truly likened unto chickens in that respect. Let us then give more thought to our own shortcomings. Let us criticize our own habits and words. Let us have

charity for others' mistakes in recognizing our own. Above all, let us remember that little verse that Prof. Hanscom has often quoted:

"There is so much bad in the best of us,
And so much good in the worst of us
That it hardly behooves any of us
To talk about the rest of us."

SCHOOL LOYALTY.

If you were asked to define school loyalty, you would probably say, "Why, school loyalty is faithfulness to your school," or some such simple definition. But it means more than can be expressed in a few simple words. I would almost say that it is indefinable.

I once read of a certain young man who went to Yale. Even while at preparatory school he began to plan to go to that university. He read the school literature and followed the newspapers for the results of its athletic contests. By these means he became familiar with the rules, customs, etc., of the University, besides acquiring what might be termed a foreign acquaintance with the more important athletes. When he should enter Yale it is not probable that he would associate with these heroes of the gridiron or diamond, for they would be upper classmen, if they had not already been graduated; but, nevertheless he would have a feeling of friendship toward them. At last the time came for him to enter. At first it may not have been quite as he had anticipated. Of course he expected to get his share of the hazing, and received the same in a submissive manner. It is needless to say that he soon came to be a faithful and

loyal student, one who was interested in and worked for the good of his college, one who was proud to say, "I am a Yale man." When he cheered at the games, there was life and spirit in his yells; they came from his heart. By that, I mean he did not cheer simply for the looks of the thing, or even because someone might have asked him to do so. He cheered because he loved his school and wished to nerve the team on to victory. When, in his sophomore year, he made good in baseball, he played not to gain glory for himself, but for the honor of "Old Eli."

This is an example of what I call school loyalty. It is only one case in thousands. It is not necessary, however, to know a school before entering, in order to become imbued with the spirit as this Yale man did. He had become so familiar with the college that he had already begun to have a respect and love for it. If one were to enter a school which he had never heard of before, if there were any spirit in the school, he would soon become infected with school loyalty by contact with his schoolmates.

You will notice that I have used "spirit" and "loyalty" as though they had the same meaning. The only difference is that display of "spirit" shows evidence of "school loyalty."

A student from one of Gould's rival academies was once heard to remark, "I tell you it makes you feel as though you wanted to do something, 'make a hit,' when you get up to bat and three hundred strong are cheering you." Of course, in a pinch, one would want to "make the hit" anyway, even if his school wasn't there. But the cheering of his schoolmates inspires him with confidence and courage, and those two qualities go a long way toward victory. Thus it is with every man on the team.

Would you expect a team with a few followers to do as well as one which has the support of the entire school?

A club needs financial support, but in the case of a school club, if the school is loyal, that will take care of itself, for every loyal student will feel it his duty to attend the games and help in numerous other ways.

One's school loyalty remains with him always. It is not as a part of school work, but, as you might say, a part of one's education. For school work lasts only while in school, but school loyalty is carried through life. One does not soon forget his alma mater and its pleasant associations. Every commencement is a reunion of classmates and scholars, and every loyal son will put forth his best efforts to attend. By these reunions he keeps in touch with the school and revives old friendships which are very dear to him. When it becomes a question of his son's or daughter's education he sends them to the school he loves. He also tries to persuade other young men and women to go to his academy or college. He helps the school in other ways. He remembers its needs and is generous in contributing toward its improvement by endowment and every other way in his power.

This great body of loyal sons is the greatest asset of a school. But the school does not receive all the benefit, for this loyalty is a great help to the individual. It is essential to acquire school loyalty, since, that loyalty which is developed into spirit while at school is absolutely necessary to a successful man. He must be loyal to his country, to his political party, to his church, to his business, to his friends, to his family, and most important of all, he must be loyal to himself.

P. R., '10.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

Dear Editor: For several years I have wanted to visit Panama, and the desire grew every year since our government purchased, from the French company and the Panama government, the right to build a ship canal across the isthmus. This year I have visited the canal and give you some of the points which interested me.

The isthmus is thirty-seven miles wide and divides the Atlantic from the Pacific ocean. It is the low part of the backbone of the continent, and a part of the Cordilleras range of mountains. It is eighty-five feet above the sea at the place of the locks. The country rocks give appearance of great earthquake action, or of cracking and folding of strata in the shrinking of the earth, during the ages of upheaval and mountain building. This condition has much to do with the facility of building the canal, as well as the difficulty from slides into the cuts.

The canal zone is ten miles wide, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It contains 448 square miles, of which the United States owns in fee 322 square miles, the rest being owned by private parties which, however, our government has by treaty the right to condemn, if required for canal purposes.

The canal runs substantially in a southeasterly direction from Colon on the Atlantic to Panama on the Pacific, which is twenty-two miles east of Colon.

Ships entering the canal at Colon will enter a deep water channel, forty-one feet deep and seven miles long, to the locks at Gatun. There vessels will be lifted by these locks, eighty-five feet, into the waters of Gatun lake, which is formed by the great Gatun dam.

There is a break in the hills, where the Chagres river runs to the Atlantic. The government has filled this break; and as it were continued the hills by the great dam.

This dam is a mile and half long, and gathers all the water of the Chagres river in a lake covering 101 square miles of land, a distance of thirty-two miles, and furnishes water for the locks, and the Culebra cut. This artificial lake is named Gatun from the great dam that it holds. It will afford twenty-two miles of highway for ships. It affords ships a chance to sail under their own power from the locks at Gatun, near the Atlantic coast, to the locks at Miraflores, near the Pacific coast. After passing the last locks, a deep water channel takes ships eight miles to the Pacific, where a similar channel, seven miles long, takes them to the Atlantic from the Gatun locks. The total length of the canal is 50 1-2 miles. It is estimated that it will take from ten to twelve hours for ships to pass through the canal.

The Atlantic and Pacific are of the same level, the tide however is twenty feet on the Pacific in Panama bay and twenty inches at Colon on the Atlantic. Mean sea level, which is exactly the same is the mean height between high and low tides.

THE FRENCH WORK.

De Lesseps organized the first French company in 1881 and spent \$260,000,000. This company failed in 1889. In 1894 a new French company was organized and kept up work in a small way till 1904, when the United States took over the property, at a cost of \$40,000,000. Up to this date it is estimated that the work done and available for the present canal and other usable property purchased, is worth \$42,000,000. This included the Panama

railroad, valued at \$9,000,000. The government is using 112 French locomotives and seven ladder dredges. They turned over their records for fifteen years of the flow of water in the Chagres river, a very valuable asset.

As the work has progressed it has been necessary to build a new line for the Panama railroad on the east side of the canal and above the Gatun lake.

THE GATUN DAM.

This dam was made by building two dry earth dams, 1,200 feet apart, chiefly from earth taken from the Culebra cut. The space between these walls is filled by sand and clay pumped up from the Chagres river. The dry wall holds this wet material from sliding, lets the water run out and it settles very compact and makes the best kind of a dam. It is known as the hydraulic core, and is the watertight portion of the dam. Great credit is due the man who conceived this idea. This dam at the base is 2,100 feet or about two-fifths of a mile thick and 100 feet wide at the crest, and stands 105 feet above sea level and twenty feet above the surface of the lake. The dam is 400 feet thick and 7,500 feet long. There is a spillway or overflow, with gates, regulating the water in the lake. This is made of concrete.

The spill roof is so built that water power from Gatun lake can be used to furnish electric power to draw ships through the locks, and water from the upper locks runs into the lower locks. Great gates of the locks are opened and closed by this electric power. The fall of water from Gatun lake is seventy-five feet, and turns immense turbine wheels, and will be ample at all times, yet as a precaution the government has erected at Miraflores a steam plant run by oil as fuel.

THE CULEBRA CUT.

This cut begins on the west bank of the Chagres river basin and extends in a winding way till it reaches the continental divide at Culebra. The cut is nine miles long and 300 feet wide at the bottom. It is widened out at all the angles, so as to permit a ship a thousand feet in length to make the turn easily. The average depth of the cut is 120 feet from the surface for the whole length of the excavation. It was necessary to remove 90,000,000 cubic yards of earth and rock. At the continental divide the cut is 375 feet deep. Forty steam shovels were used in this excavation, each taking out 1,500 cubic yards per day. The work is more in transportation than excavation. Most of this rock and earth has been carried by rail to the Gatun dam, a distance of about twenty-two miles. During the height of the excavation 175 trains left daily, or one each 2 1-2 minutes. All the earth and rock are loosened by dynamite. Drills are sunk twenty-four feet, then a small amount of dynamite is lowered to the bottom and the hole enlarged. Three compressor plants furnish oil for running the drills. When the hole has cooled a charge of dynamite, from 75 to 200 pounds, is put down and discharged by a common electric light plant. Each month seventy-five miles of drill holes were sunk. It is reported that slides in this cut have covered forty-seven acres of ground and have broken back from the cut 1,800 feet. These slides are a great trouble and expense; yet Col. Goethels says that there will be but little difficulty in handling them when dredges can be floated through the cut.

THE LOCKS.

There are six locks—three at Gatun, near the Atlantic, one at Pedro Miguel

and two at Miraflores, near the Pacific, all constructed in pairs so ships may go in opposite direction at the same time. Each lock is 1,000 feet long, 110 feet wide, and 41 2-3 feet deep. These locks are similar to those at Sault St. Marie, at the foot of Lake Superior, except that all vessels in these locks will be run by outside power and not by their own power. A vessel can be raised thirty feet in these locks in fifteen minutes. There is a chain made out of three-inch iron which runs from one lock wall to the other and operates by hydraulic power, which can be raised in front of a vessel, so as to stop it if going too fast. This chain will stop a 10,000-ton vessel going four miles an hour in seventy-three feet. Thus the great gates to the locks can be protected from damages.

The lock gates are made of big horizontal girders weighing from twelve to eighteen tons each, with vertical framework and covered with plates on both sides. They vary in height from 47 to 82 feet, and in weight from 300 to 700 tons, and each gate is seven feet in thickness. They are all in place and substantially all completed.

That water can be let in this year there is no doubt, but it is probable it will take another year to finish the canal. No doubt exists that it will be ready in 1915 for dedication and for the world's use.

EMERGENCY GATES.

Safety in operation has been the predominating idea in the construction of the locks. Aside from the great strength of the walls and the gates, sets of emergency gates are made, so that in case a vessel should break down the lock gate an emergency gate can be let down and stop the water. These gates are made of lattice work

steel and dropped by electric power in sections nine feet high and then a solid gate is dropped in front. In this way the lock will be saved.

What the French failed to do we have done. What the commerce of the world demanded, we have built, a ship canal from the Pacific to the Atlantic. I have never been so deeply impressed by all I have seen done by man. To see the great locks with their strong, massive gates operated by electric power; to see the great cuts through the backbone of the continent, and the deep channels, from the locks on the Atlantic and Pacific; to see the cities of sanitary houses built for the workmen; to see how skillfully all the land has been drained, making the isthmus a healthful place for men to live in and work in, makes one proud of the government, and the men who have built this the greatest work in the history of men—the Panama canal.

L. E. HOLDEN, Class of 1853.
Panama, Feb. 25.

A DAY AT ATHENS.

The fleet has been destroyed in the north! The Spartans are coming! The news rang through the city from tower to tower. Men stood in groups, talking excitedly of the awful news, or ran distractedly through the streets to tell friends and relatives of the great calamity which had befallen the city. Soldiers gathered to man the walls, the cry, "To arms," echoed from turret to turret. In the Palace Ecclesia gray-haired statesmen spoke mournfully of the fate which awaited their beloved city; and on the orational pedestals, orators declaimed on the pos-

sibilities of salvation. It seemed that the news could not be true; yet citizens from the cleruchies were arriving each hour with some new tale of a city destroyed, crops razed to the ground, and citizens murdered.

As I looked on these sights of distress, and heard these words of terror, a murmur as of an approaching storm came from without the walls. The murmur grew into a tumult, in which were framed words, which were indeed a fitting climax to the terrors of the last few days. "The Spartans are without the walls!" I hurried to the Ecclesia to verify the authenticity of the report. It was indeed true, too true. The great orator Galothonos spoke sadly and briefly thus:

"Citizens of Athens: you have all heard the terrible news that the Spartans are without the walls. The reports are true. Would to God they were not! The city is fated, and it only remains for us to decide whether Athens shall become a slave of Sparta, or a city of the dead. Starvation stares us in the face. There are neither men nor ships to defend the walls or shores, and—the Spartans are without the gates. Shall we, then, die for liberty or live for slavery? It remains for you to decide."

Socrates then spoke a single sentence—"Life is sweet. Better to live for a future revenge on Sparta than to die for a momentary defeat! Surrender under what conditions we can obtain and live that we may build Athens again!"

Surrender! Terrible thought! Yet what else could be done? It was voted upon. The verdict was,—surrender! The Committee sorrowfully went down the great thoroughfare to the city gate, opened it, and passed out to make terms of surrender with the hated Spartans.

Great sorrow was rife in the town. Even strong men wept. Athenians to surrender to Spartans! We, who had fought bravely and died gladly on the fields of Marathon and Platea, that Athens and Greece might survive forever! We surrender!

E. H. T., '13.

FROM BLISS TO DESPAIR AND RETURN.

The office door slammed shut with a rattling of the loose glass panels, and the business manager of the James Radcliffe Coal Co., entered, quietly whistling a little ditty. It was not yet 8.30, but the morning mail was already lying untouched on the great writing desk, where the office boy had left it. With a glance at the contents of the mail budget, the whistling manager placed his top-coat and hat upon the rack in the corner, and, while he adjusted his neat bow tie, hummed the merry tune of a man free from care and the usual melancholy pre-occupation of the office hand.

Leisurely, he adjusted his six feet two in his comfortable arm chair, tipped back in his seat, with his feet cocked comfortably upon a corner of his desk, and began running through the contents of the mail bag.

"I tell you, old man," he muttered to the office cat, which rubbed its sides consolingly against the legs of his chair, during a spell of contented purring. "I just tell you, Betty will be the most pleased little woman in Manheim this day. Who would have thought that four years could have gone around so soon? And what years they have been! I guess it snowed a little that day, too. Gee! what's this? And a

woman's hand-writing. I've no business with any woman that I know of. Governor! wants to make a date. Another woman stepping in and that on the fourth anniversary of the happiest years I ever spent."

The letter ran:

Manheim, Pa., Dec. 8, 1912.

You may think it strange that I write you without the strength of an acquaintance with you to justify a letter; but you know me well. You have only to see me to recognize an old friend. I take it for granted that old friends are still welcome with you. But, being unable to call upon you on account of circumstances which you shall know in due time, I am writing this note. I feel sure that you will not refuse my petition, backed, as it is, by a friendship unknown to you now, perhaps, but true nevertheless. If you want proof that I'll stick to you when others cut you, and wish to renew our acquaintance, meet me at Heim's drug store at 9:30 this evening.

Yours,

C. P.

"Gee-rusalem, what a letter! Warmer than Dutch love! She'll stick to me when others cut me!" And with this John Langdon chucked the letter into his pocket with a snicker.

The whistles blew for dinner and Langdon left the office, dropping a cheery word or nod to each employee from the least to the greatest.

"I'll be back a trifle late," he called back to the chief clerk, as he dodged out the door into the hustle of Broadway.

The crowd swept him on in its midst, and soon he dodged into Smith and Jones' department store, and, knowing the manager, walked up to the office and in a familiar voice called out, "Has it gone?"

"Hello there, John. Why, yes," returned the manager.

"Table, chairs and all? Mission, was it?"

"Yes, some half hour ago. Maybe a rather long trip, but it'll be home some time this afternoon unless the team gives out."

With a cheery "all right," Langdon hurried from the store, and soon the roar of the subway was carrying him from business to home. He ran up the steps at the 128th street stop, and soon the world was shut out with the swinging of the door at 465, when Betty was heard calling, "Why, John, what are you home for, at this time of day? What's happened?"

"Nothing," he cried. And then, hardly able to suppress his happiness, he chuckled to himself. "She knows, but she wants me to mention it first. I know she knows by the way she looked at me. But wait till the furniture comes. Won't Betty Langdon be the happy lass? Old John Langdon you're not so slow after all," he chuckled as he rubbed his hands in unselfish satisfaction.

Lunch was just about ready, and strangely it was set for two. Langdon never came home for lunch, but somehow Betty seemed to know that today he would be home and had made preparations accordingly.

Pretty soon from the dining room a pleasant voice, "Ready John?"

"Coming," answered the individual.

As he entered the dining room, he said, "I am going to be informal for once—wretchedly so. I guess a fellow can on his wed—" The sentence was unfinished. And as he tried to cover up his blunder, he jerked off his coat and tossed it on an empty chair.

"I got a letter from Aunt Molly today," he volunteered awkwardly.

"Did you?" she encouraged.

"Yep. There it is in my coat pocket. Read it."

Langdon watched her move, wreathed in smiles, toward his coat and search in the various pockets while he chattered happily on between bites like a youngster newly fitted in his first trousers.

Mrs. Langdon began to read:

Manheim, Pa., Dec. 8, 1912.

My Dear John:—

You may think it strange that I write to you without the strength of an acquaintance with you to justify a letter. But you know me well. x x x x x x x Meet me at Heim's drug store at 9:30 this evening.

Yours,

C. P.

She returned the letter to the pocket. "I'll stick to you when others cut," rang in her ears. And still Langdon chattered on in his glee.

At this juncture the door bell rang and Mrs. Langdon, glad to do something to soothe the whirring, buzzing noise which had come with the letter, stumbled hastily out of the room. Her eyes were met by the mission furniture standing alone in the hall. She turned to go into the house again, not knowing what else to do. She felt her head swim. She looked up only to see her husband coming down the hall to meet her. Unable to control herself longer and almost grieved to distraction she burst out angrily to her surprised husband. "I don't want old furniture. Send it back. Send it back, I say." And with this she rushed past him and upstairs. Though he followed her quickly, trying to explain, Mrs. Langdon paid no heed and his efforts were rewarded only by finding himself obliged to stand awkwardly outside his own room with the metallic ring of the plunger telling him that the door had been locked. Call as he would, his

efforts brought no reply, and finally giving up in despair, he trudged away with difficulty.

"What can it be?" he muttered. "Surely it can't be the furniture. Yet, it must be that furniture. She couldn't have wanted it. I'll have it taken right back."

As the manager at Smith and Jones' stepped from the 'phone he thought it quite strange that Mr. Langdon should reject the furniture without apparent reason. "But Langdon certainly knows his business," he mused. And with this unsatisfactory explanation, he ordered an express to return the furniture to the store.

Langdon stepped from 465 with a heavier heart and sadder step than he had known in four years, but not without first telling Mrs. Stone "to sort of keep her eye on Betty as she was not feeling well today."

Work at the office was all wrong too. Langdon kicked at the cat, scowled at the chief clerk and spoke in unbecoming terms to the office boy and stenographer. It was a hard afternoon for all. And when the five-thirty blew, the office hands were careful not to disturb the general manager as they departed from their desks. Left alone, Langdon began to curse his fortune in rather stout terms:

"What a fool I was! Why didn't I leave well enough alone? Betty was satisfied with what she had in the furniture line. Here I had to meddle in her affairs, though heaven knows I meant it well enough. Confound the luck. She shouldn't have gotten so huffy about it anyhow. She could at least have been civil. But Betty can't be well."

And so his speculation ran.

He came to himself to find the room dark and the glare of the corner arc-light gleaming into the room casting

grotesque figures on the wall. He wondered at the time. And pulling his watch from his pocket, exclaimed "9:15 and no supper. I must have sat here in the dark a couple of hours. Langdon, you're not well. Better step to Heim's and get a dose of medicine."

The unhappy man trudged with head down through the unbefriending crowd and soon arrived at Heim's. A big laughing crowd of men, and a few women stood within. Nine-thirty had just struck and a young man was just getting down from an empty counter.

Evidently he had been saying something to the crowd. Interested Langdon approached one of the nearest men who proved to be the President of the Second National Bank and asked the reason for the commotion. He was greeted with a sheet of paper thrust at him which ran:

"It may seem strange x x x x—I'll stick to you when other's cut x x x"

Yours,

C. P.

Then the thing began to dawn on him.

"Why I got one of these letters, too. What's the meaning of it?" asked Langdon.

"This fellow is an up-to-date business man. He's advertising a new brand of court plaster," chuckled his companion.

"Well, if that isn't clever!" and the two laughed.

Langdon caught the meaning and burst into a laugh. "I'll stick to you when others cut you." C. P. (Court Plaster). Langdon looked up in time to see his wife edging her way through the crowd with his letter in her hand.

"Was it this letter, Betty?" he called out.

No explanation was necessary. He'd have the mission ware sent up first thing next morning. They chattered

away in high spirits, making their way through the crowd, and the President of the Second National Bank, as he gazed after them, laughed, "All's well that ends well."

THE FAIRY WOMAN OF THE WEST.

There's a fairy woman in the west,
Who goes in ghostly garments dressed.
The wind sighs over the lea.

Her hair is black and dark and long,
And sighing, she sings a ghostly song—
"The wind sighs over the lea."

One winter's day a knight rode past
And shivered beneath the cold, cold blast
Of the wind that shrieked o'er the lea.

He heard the ghostly woman sing,
It was a dreadful, dreadful thing—
That song that wailed o'er the lea.

And then he saw her ghostly dress,
He felt her cold hands cold caress.
The wind screamed over the lea.

Her white arms closed about his throat,
Her weird song died with a single note
That echoed over the lea.

Slowly a deadly languor came,
He sank in the arms of the ghostly dame.
The wind sighed over the lea.

His lady mother waited long
For her son so brave and young and strong,
Nor guessed that he slept on the lea.

In the arms of the fairy he sleeps sound,
And her long white arms they fold him
round,
While the wind sighs over the lea.

Sighing, she sings her ghostly song
That rises, and falls, and wails along
With the wind that sighs o'er the lea.



QUOTATIONS APPLIED

Good things are done up in little bundles.
Helen Baker.

Happy the man that, when his day is done,
Lies down to sleep with nothing of regret.
Adelmar Brown.

The wisest man the worl' e'er saw
He dearly loved the lasses.
Frank Kittredge.

They make up in quality what they lack
in quantity.
German Class.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun.
Philip Wight.

There is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies blow.
Gertrude Engelmann.

The finest fruit earth holds up to its
maker is a finished man.
Mr. Hanscom.

Good actions crown themselves with last-
ing rays;
Who well deserves, needs not another's
praise.

Edith Kimball.

Fine manners are the mantle of fair minds.
Arthur Cummings.

She, while her companions slept,
Was toiling upward in the night.

Irene Kilgore.

She whom I love is hard to catch.

Charles Bartlett.

Of a clear sonorous voice.

Paul Head.

Her ladyship's brain was a perfect mill
for projects.

Margaret C. Herrick.

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Winfield Howe.

You have a nimble wit.

Marion Frost.

Cheerfulness is just as natural to the heart
Of a boy as color is to his cheek.

Norman Hamlin.

Who well lives, long lives; for this age
of ours
Should not be numbered by years, days and
hours.

Miss Herrick.

Sing away sorrow, cast away care.

Percy Farnham.

A prodigy in learning.

Alice Kimball.

And her face so fair—
Stirred with her dream, as rose leaves with
the air.

Eda Douglass.

She floats upon the river of his thoughts.

Ernest Bowler.

The secret of success is constancy to pur-
pose.

Carroll Valentine.

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her
eye,

In every gesture dignity and love.

Dorris Frost.

And her voice was the warble of a bird
So soft, so sweet, so delicately clear.

Effie Bernier.

Virtue is its own reward.

Harold Chandler.

Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe.

Sylvia Swan.

A wild rose blushing to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

Evangeline Atherton.

Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.

Edward Brown.

Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Edith Marsden.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

Leroy Hamlin.

You done yourself proud.

Senior Class.

She spake seldom.

Ella Garey.

But what is virtue, but repose of mind.

Miss Pratt.

For she was jest the quiet kind
Whose natures never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snowhid in Jenooary.

Lucy Eagle.

Slow and steady wins the race.

George Mundt.

She's pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on.

Carrie King.

There's a dignity in labor,
Truer than e'er pomp arrayed.

Howard Tyler.

If ever abody had work to do,
Surely that body is I.

Gladys Russell.

I'll warrant him heart whole.

Joseph Deegan.

A maiden never bold;
Of spirit still and quiet.

Ruth Farrington.

But fate ordains that dearest friends must
part.

Edla Kendall.

A silent, shy man.

Charles Small.

What is done wisely is done well.

Winfield Wight.

She was a maiden bright and free.

Mabel Bailey.

Change doth please a woman's mind.

Alice Swan.

A smile, a frown, a bright gay smile,
We see pass o'er her face.

We wonder at her gentle ways,
We marvel at her grace.

Miss Freeman.

No legacy is so rich as honesty.

John Eagle.

Where I love, I profess it; where I hate,
In every circumstance I dare proclaim it.

Eva Bean.

I frankly own, I like her well.

Frank Bean.

He treats us all as children,
And we obey him, too,

His smile is so bewitching,
That's all there is to do.

Mr. Moore.

Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. of Gould's Academy was not permanently organized until Jan. 16, when it was made a permanent organization by the adoption of a constitution and by-laws. However, regular weekly meetings had been held before this. At a regular business meeting on Jan. 30, the following officers were elected:—

President,	Arthur S. Cummings.
Vice President,	Howard Tyler.
Recording Secretary,	Carroll Valentine.
Corresponding Secretary,	Leo Cole.
Treasurer,	Winfield Howe.
Faculty Adviser,	Prof. Hanscom.

At the same meeting delegates were elected to attend the Boys' State Conference at Portland. After the conference the Y. M. C. A. invited the Young People's Societies of the several churches to unite and listen to a report to be given at the Congregational church Feb. 16. The invitation was accepted by the Y. P. C. U. of the Universalist church and the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Congregational church and on that date a very interesting program was successfully carried out.

Mr. Arthur Cummings, president of the association, presided during the opening exercises and was supported by Pastors Little and Curtis.

After prayer by Prof. Hanscom, Mr. Cummings gave place to Mr. Valentine who presided during the rest of the service.

PROGRAM.

Song Service. Sound the Battle Cry, Building, Daily Building,	By the Boys.
Onward Christian Soldiers,	By the Congregation.
Prayer,	Prof. F. E. Hanscom.
Origin and Growth of the Boys' Conference Movement,	Rev. W. C. Curtis.

The Conference Banquet,

Ernest C. Bowler, Jr.

Saturday Morning.

Business Session, The Boy and the Kingdom,

Percy Farnham.

The Boy and Society,

Howard Tyler.

Boys' Club and Its Program of Work,

Philip Wight.

Boy and His Chum, Department Confer-
ences,

Norman Hamlin.

Recreation and Sight Seeing,

Harold Chandler.

Saturday Evening.

The Boy and the Church, Clean Sports, Mov-
ing Pictures,

Winfield E. Wight.

Sunday Morning.

Where We Worshipped,

Adelmar R. Brown.

What Impressed Me Most at the Boys' Con-
ference,

Ralph H. Young.

Sunday Evening.

Farewell Meeting,

Carroll E. Valentine.

Singing, Blest Be the Tie That Binds,

Congregation.

Benediction,

Rev. J. H. Little.

Harold Rich who was ill was also to have
had a part.

A large audience was present, and there was not a dull moment during the whole program. No services were ever better led, and everything was bright, interesting and inspiring.

When the Y. M. C. A. was permanently organized there were fifteen active members and 10 associate members; since then 5 active members have been admitted.

The following committees have been appointed:—

Committee on Religious Meetings.

Harold W. Chandler '14.

Adelmar R. Brown, '13.

James A. Hayford, '16.

Committee on Entertainment.

Winfield E. Wight, '13.

Percy Farnham, '14.

Ralph H. Young, '13.

Committee on New Members.

John H. Moore.

Ralph Abbott, '13.

Norman W. Hamlin, '13.

Each committee has taken an active interest in its work. So far our Y. M. C. A. has been a real success. The boys take a lively interest in each meeting and the attendance is large. The prospects for a larger and better Y. M. C. A. is bright. We feel sure that the organization will be a potent factor for good in the school and the community.

Y. W. C. A.

Inspired by the enthusiasm of the boys, the Gould's girls undertook to organize a Young Women's Christian Association.

The very first day of the winter term all the girls in the Academy gathered in the large room upstairs to talk over the matter. Three meetings were held this week, at which twenty-eight girls openly decided for the Christian life.

The second week a committee consisting of Viola Bartlett, '13, chairman, Alice Swan, '13, Mabel Bailey, '15, Gladys Davis, '15, and Ermine Rabideau, '16, was appointed to draw up a constitution. In about two weeks this was completed, accepted and adopted by the girls.

According to the new constitution the following officers were elected:—

President,

Alice Kimball.

Vice President,

Alta Cummings.

Secretary,

Margaret C. Herrick.

Treasurer,

Viola Bartlett.

Missionary Committee.

Marion Mansfield, '14, chairman.
 Edith Marsden, '13.
 Edla Kendall, '14.
 Mabel Bailey, '15.
 Ermine Rabideau, '16.

Social Committee.

Sylvia Swan, '13, chairman.
 Miss Miriam Herriek,
 Mildred Bosserman, '14.
 Eva F. Bartlett, '15.
 Gertrude Engelmann, '16.

Religious Meetings Committee.

Miss Marian Pratt, chairman.
 Ruth Farrington, '13.
 Mildred Eagle, '13.
 Effie Bernier, '14.
 Gladys Davis, '15.
 Hazel Arno, '16.

The Religious Meetings Committee promptly assembled and made out a program for meetings for the remainder of the term. Before leaving for the vacation they also arranged meetings for the spring term.

Meetings have been held regularly on Wednesdays at 4.15 in Holden Hall dining room. The leaders have done their part excellently. Various members have assisted at the piano, and on one occasion Margaret and Blanche Herriek gave a selection on the violin and piano. The meetings have been well attended, and it is hoped they will continue to be. It seems to be a great effort for some to take part and we feel that there is room for improvement along this line.

The Missionary Committee have had several meetings and expect to have some definite philanthropic work for the association at an early date.

The Social Committee had arranged a social for the last of the winter term, but, owing to the rush of events, postponed it until March 27.

Since its organization there has been an increase in membership, which now

includes a few of the alumnae. We wish that more would join, and help us out with our meetings.

Although the Y. W. C. A. is still an experiment the girls feel that considerable benefit has been derived from it, both in its influence in the school as a whole and in the development of individual character. We trust that, under God's guidance, it may prove a power for good in Gould's Academy.

WATCH YOURSELF GO BY.

Just stand aside, and watch yourself go by;
 Think of yourself as "He" instead of "I."
 Pick flaws; find fault; forget the man is you,
 And strive to make your estimate ring true.
 The faults of others then will dwarf and shrink,
 Love's chain grow stronger by one mighty link,
 When you with "He" as substitute for "I"
 Have stood aside and watched yourself go by.
 Selected.

BE CHEERFUL.

If the weather doesn't suit you,
 Please do not fretful grow,
 For we will have a brand, new climate
 In an hour or so.
 Oft' times in the morning,
 The sky is dull for rain,
 But look! Perhaps at noonday
 The sun doth shine again.
 Have faith, then, weary children,
 And smile whene'er you can
 To make the cold world brighter
 For each new day, we gain.

E. K., '14.



GOULD'S ACADEMY DELEGATES TO BOYS' CONFERENCE.

THE BOYS' CONFERENCE.

The Eighth Annual Boys' Conference of Maine was held in Portland, Feb. 7th, 8th, and 9th. It is said to have been the largest boys' conference ever held in the world, there being nearly fifteen hundred registered delegates in attendance. Every county and section of the State was represented.

Gould's Academy was represented with seventeen delegates, one of whom, Winfield E. Wight, was made Vice President of the Conference for the ensuing year.

It would be impossible to report the conference in detail in an article of

this kind. A complete and exhaustive report was made by the boys at a public meeting in the Congregational church on the Sunday evening following the conference. Mention of this meeting is made elsewhere.

The purpose of these great gatherings is to make good citizens and honorable God-fearing men. A meeting of this kind is no "milk and water" affair, but an earnest and reasonable appeal to the best that is in the mind and heart. It is not simply an emotional appeal, such as produces a flash and then is gone, but a common-sense way of awakening the good and creating an uplift of ideals.

The speakers and the men who di-

rect these conferences are big, strong characters, men of altruistic principles, who believe that it is not in serving Mammon and grinding the soul out of one's fellow-men, but in striving to make life better and the world a happier place in which to live, that brings the only lasting satisfaction, and at last the true reward.

The whole meeting is permeated with the spirit of work. It gives everyone present the feeling that a life of work and service is the only life worth living.

"This is the gospel of labor,
Ring it ye bells of the kirk,
The Lord of Love came down from
above

To live with those who work.
This is the rose that he planted
In the thorn-cursed soil.
Heaven is blest with eternal rest,
But the blessing of earth is toil."

No more attentive and interested group of boys was found at the conference than the one from Gould's Academy, and the whole session was full of inspiration to better living and higher thinking.

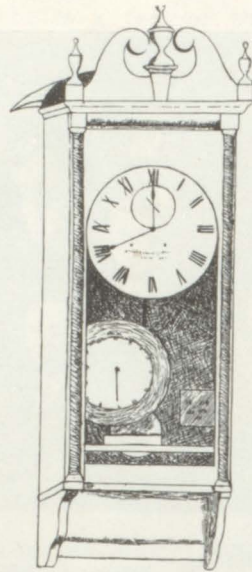
H. E. R.

HIS "LADY FRIENDS."

When Chloe turns her eyes on mine,
Though dark the day the sun doth shine.

Corinna smiles, and earth seems fair,
And sweetest flow'rs bloom ev'rywhere.

The heaviest loads seem light as down
If Julia condescends to frown!



*Under
The
School
Clock*

But-er!

* * * *

By Johnson!

* * * *

Hitchy Koo! Hitchy Koo!

* * * *

Mr. Bartlett says that women talk more than men.

(Click seems to be developing remarkable powers of observation.)

* * * *

Miss M-r-d-n in Virgil.—"My tongue cleaved to my throat."

* * * *

Mr. F-r-nh-m in French II.—"Un des parapluies dont se servent les valets de pied."

"One of the umbrellas which the foot soldiers use."

Miss Herrick in Junior English.—
“How long did Mrs. Emerson die?”

* * * *

Cassius remarked recently that an oracle is a place where your sins are forgiven. (Perhaps one of these patent absolvers would work well in Gould's Academy.)

* * * *

Miss P. in French II.—“What is the singular of cheveux?”

Mr. B-wl-r.—“Horse.”

* * * *

Query: Does Doc always take as much trouble over his hair as he did at the photographer's?

* * * *

Mr. Hamlin in Virgil.—“I recognized traces of my old flame.”

(To which one did Ikey refer?)

* * * *

“You had better come, Mr. Hanscom, Ernie is coming.”

* * * *

We are all wondering what makes Edith Kimball so sleepy every Monday morning.

* * * *

Mr. Brown in French II.—“Dans les flots ensoleilles de ses cheveux epars.”

“In the bright clouds of her scattered horses.”

* * * *

Mr. Moore in Physics.—“What is the best device we have studied in deduction of music.”

Bill J-dk-ns: “Jew's-harp.”

Miss M. M. in Junior French.—“Les petits sabots pour le beau temps.”

“Little shoes for a good time.”

* * * *

One of the Sophomores recently volunteered the interesting information that Ulysses was a contemporary of Tennyson.

* * * *

Percy F. in French II.—“Je me suis peut etre un peu vite monte la tete.”

“I am perhaps a little hasty in my head.”

* * * *

Question: Who made the little red apron Mr. Moore bought at the fair?

* * * *

Miss Herrick in English III.—“Some of you are very careless in your grammar.”

Mr. Farnham, indignantly, and in a heated manner: “I ain't said nothing!”

* * * *

A few days ago P. F. was told to pass in a sketch of Whittier. He worked industriously for a whole period and then proudly handed to the teacher a life like portrait of the lamented John Greenleaf.

* * * *

Mr. Tyler in French II.—“Le general Dampierre apercut au milieu des volontaires un vieillard a cheveux blancs.”

“The general Dampierre saw among the volunteers an old man on a white horse.”

Statistics of the Class of 1913.

Name.	Known as	Age	Weight.	Complexion	Disposition	Ambition	Favorite occupation
Ralph Abbott	Spider	16	1-2 lb.	Passable	Snappy	To be a minister	Riding after Reddy
Urban Bartlett	Click	18	Not heavy	Mixed	Very good	Nothing in particular	Studying
Viola Bartlett	Ola	18	260	Gray	Easy going	She never tells	Grimming
Eva Bean	Samantha	17	50	Spotted	Fiery	To mend her stock-ings	Writing letters
Adelmar Brown	Dell	18	95	All alike	Peaceful	To speak French	Translating
Alta Cummings	Alta	19	1 1-2 lbs.	Pretty	Touchy	To be an old maid	Singing
Arthur Cummings	Cummings	22	Ton	Gloomy	Ask his wife	To be mayor of Greenwood City	Keeping busy
Joseph Deegan	Joe	16	500	Killing	Meek	To avoid girls	Acquiring knowledge
Mildred Eagle	Mildred	17	Very light	Opaque	The best	To be a suffragette	Chinning with Ella
Ruth Farrington	Rufus	18	Same as Spider's	Awful	Trying	To teach in Shadigee	Squealing
Ella Garey	Ella	17	2000	Picked over	Unoffending	To marry	Talking to herself
Norman Hamlin	Ike	18	25	Black	Teasing	To ride over Vergil	Bothering the girls
Alice Kimball	Sallie	15	Just right	Pink	Endurable	Too young to know	Minding her own business
Edith Kimball	E. Berry	19	Obe knows	Middling	Fierce	To know How(e)	Spooning
Carrie King	Carrie	19	6954	Painted	Jealous	They're numerous	Playing for dances
Clyde Lapham	Lappie	1250	400	Muddy	Inquisitive	Never had one	Giving advice
Edith Marsden	Edith B.	17	Immense	Bleached	Blunt	Opera star	Pleasing the boys
Gladys Russell	Kim	19	Long ton	Common	Sour	To be Mrs. President of the U. S.	Talking about her beaux
Alice Swan	Alice	19	300	White	Lovable	To be in style	Entertaining Charles
Sylvia Swan	Sib	19	10	Powdery	Independent	To graduate	Whispering
Henry Tenney	Tenney	old	150	Whiskery	Excellent	Wanting	Smoking
Carroll Valentine	Tiny	19	600	Transparent	Too sweet for anything	To get a girl	Writing to Sib
Winfield Wight	Doc	18	Ponderous	Girlish	Subject to change	Highest there is	Bluffing
Ralph Young	Mose	19	Heavy	Bony	Uppish	To be a doctor	Fighting

Statistics Continued.

Name.	By word	Favorite dish	Favorite study	Size of Shoe	Favorite Song
Ralph Abbott	Oh gee	Apples at recess	Vergil	Two-year-old size	The Girl Upon the Dollar is the Sweetest of Them All.
Urban Bartlett	Golly	Greased potatoes	Senior Reviews	Like his Dad's	I Don't Like the Girls at Gould's.
Viola Bartlett	My sakes	Dish pan	Anything	14 (men's size)	I Wish I Were.
Eva Bean	Oh, Lord	Tomatoes	English IV	1-2 (smallest size)	I Want My Man.
Adelmar Brown	Oh my	Haricots	French III	Girl's size	La Marsellaise
Alta Cummings	Heavens	Soup	Geometry	6	Like Brown's.
Arthur Cummings	(It's bad)	Ask his wife	Macbeth	Just right	I Love My Wife But Oh You Kid.
Joseph Deegan	Well—er	Dinner box	Like Spider's	It looks large	I'd Like Someone to Play With Me.
Mildred Eagle	Hasn't any	Like Joe's	Senior Normal	Sensible	I Want A Beau.
Ruth Farrington	Oh dear!	Sherbet	Algebra	Tiny	I'm Mamma's Baby.
Ella Garey	Ask Eli	She likes anything	Reviews	8	It Feels So Good to be in Love.
Norman Hamlin	Numerous	Cake	Latin	Small	All Girls Look Alike to Me.
Alice Kimball	Goodness me	Gateaux	Senior Algebra	Like Samantha's	I'm Old But I'm Awfully Tough.
Edith Kimball	Like 'Bediah's	Anything sweet	English History	La plus petite	No One But Me Loves A Fat Man.
Carrie King	By the baldheaded	Candy in school	German	7 1-2	That Old Sweetheart Of Mine.
Clyde Lapham	Gee whizz	Puffed wheat	Vergil	3	All That I Want Is Love.
Edith Marsden	Oh—er	Vegetables	Quatre-Vingt Treize	Very small	If I Only Had A Beau.
Gladys Russell	Now, Mabel!	Macaroni	Algebra	8 3-4	Come Back To Me.
Alice Swan	Small knows	Love pats	German	Big enough to make lots of noise	All I Want's A Regular Man.
Sylvia Swan	She just giggles	Peanuts	Algebra	6 1-2	The Only Pal I Ever Had Came From Gilead Town.
Henry Tenney	? ? ?	Cigarettes	Com. Arithmetic	10	Stay In Your Own Back Yard.
Carroll Valentine	Well now	Lemons	L'Abbe Constantin	Modest	I Want A Girl.
Winfield Wight	By Jimmy Johnson	Live lobsters	Vergil	8	There Are Lots Of Stations On My Railroad Track.
Ralph Young	Not suitable to print	Pie	Vergil	6	I Wish I Had My Old Girl Back Again.

HOLDEN HALL NOTES.

Holden Hall is a very quiet and studious place. Nobody runs around evenings excepting the mice. Just after supper one night Kim found one in the bureau drawer. With doors and windows shut tight and with all the brooms in the house, Gladys and Mabel pursued poor mousie around the room and at last cornered him behind the bed. His funeral procession marched in solemn array through the corridors in order that all might look upon him for the last time. The next evening Kim put her hand in her coat pocket and out came Mr. Mouse—also a shriek from Kimmie. It wasn't long after this that mousie visited Dorothy and Florence's room after the lights went out. Dot threw a shoe at him. The appearance of the big black cat put an end to mousie's wanderings for a time. Now that Mrs. Libby has a white angora some of us hope the mouse will stay in retirement for a while.

During the latter part of the term, the question which mostly agitated the powers that be, was that of a cook. We did not care, for Mrs. Libby excels all the samples which have preceded her. One week we rejoiced in the cooking of our old friend Mrs. Vail. Now there are signs on the horizon of a cook actually coming.

Just now Holden Hall is decorated with glasses of peas and boxes of seeds for the botany class is in the experimental stage. The mice appreciate this for they feast nightly on the precious squash seeds.

Swimming season has begun early this year. Master Edward Hanscom started the fashion when the raft sank with him on board. Ikey tried it next on the mill pond. He made a brilliant

success and holds the time record for staying in ice water. Lappie tried to imitate but made a failure of it. We hear that others are to learn to swim, among them some of the girls.

The dining room was sweet with perfume at Easter time for those at Miss Pratt's table took shares in an Easter lily. Those at Mr. Moore's table were filled with envy and appropriated the plant during Miss Pratt's absence. The hat will soon be passed for these poverty stricken individuals. Something is due them for their appreciation of the beautiful in nature, therefore we will take up contributions to provide them with ornaments.

Guy Kendall has started his dancing school and most of the girls and some of the boys are attending. We are sorry to add that two, poor, unfortunate maidens are obliged to escort each other.

On Wednesday night near the last of the term when the boys came in to supper they were amazed to find themselves occupying the dining room alone. The mystery was explained when they learned that the girls were having a feast below. The boys threatened revenge but have not as yet carried out their threat.

At the end of the winter term our hearts were saddened by the loss of our friend and janitor, Beefus Hamlin. We trust that the attraction which drew him away from us is filling his days with happiness. Now James Hayford is taking his place.

A great plague descended into our midst during the winter term. Every night Mrs. Libby went the rounds administering doses from those two dreadful little bottles which were supposed to contain the magic cure. Few escaped the contagion for the cure was

as bad as the disease. Gertrude Engelmann felt obliged to stay out the last few weeks. Perhaps it wasn't entirely the disease that kept her away.

For a quiet place this is considerable excitement to happen in one term.

SHAKESPEAREAN ROMANCE.

Who were the lovers?

(Romeo and Juliet.)

What was her courtship like?

(Midsummer night's dream.)

What was her answer to his proposal?

(As you Like It.)

About what time of the month were they married?

(Twelfth night.)

Of whom did he buy the ring?

(Merchant of Venice.)

Who were the best man and maid of honor?

(Antony and Cleopatra.)

Who were the ushers?

(Two Gentlemen of Verona.)

Who gave the reception?

(Merry Wives of Windsor.)

In what kind of a place did they live?

(Hamlet.)

What was her disposition like?

(The Tempest.)

What was his chief occupation after marriage?

(Taming of the Shrew.)

What caused their first quarrel?

(Much Ado About Nothing.)

What did their courtship prove to be?

(Love's Labor Lost.)

What did their married life resemble?

(A Comedy of Errors.)

What did they give each other?

(Measure for Measure.)

What Roman ruler brought about reconciliation?

(Julius Caesar.)

What did their friends say?

(All's Well that Ends Well.)

A. W. S., G. A., 1911.



SCHOOL NOTES.

Our new electric lights are much enjoyed, thanks to those who assisted us to secure them.

The Seniors are groaning under the burden of Senior year duties, but not yet has their dignity become apparent.

Prof. J. H. Moore, Ralph H. Young, Ernest C. Bowler, Jr., and Frank A. Bean represented Gould's Academy at the State Y. M. C. A. Conference, held at Bowdoin College, Feb. 28 to March 2nd.

State Inspector of Secondary Schools J. W. Taylor, made an official visit to the school early in February. He inspected the various classes and gave a very interesting talk to the students.

Electric lights have been installed in the Principal's home much to the satisfaction of Principal Hanscom and family.

Alumni who have visited the Academy recently are Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland West, Rena George, Marie Swan, Robert Thurston, Elmon Jordan, Lillian Back, Florence Springer, Ivan Arno.

Mrs. J. G. Gehring and Mrs. A. E. Herrick of the Examining Committee visited the school in their official capacity during the winter term. Mrs.

Gehring gave a very helpful talk to the students.

The Senior social in the Gym on the evening of Feb. 26th was a very enjoyable affair. Games were enjoyed from 7.45 to 10 o'clock. The matrons were Mrs. E. C. Bowler, Mrs. F. E. Hanscom and Mrs. J. N. Swan.

New and complete wireless telegraph apparatus has recently been added to the equipment of the laboratory. Our laboratory equipment is now among the best in the State.

Following is the assignment of the Senior class parts:—Valedictory, Alice Kimball; salutatory, Carroll E. Valentine; oration, Winfield E. Wight; history, Edith B. Marsden; prophecy, Alta C. Cummings; presentation of class gift, Sylvia E. Swan; presentation of gifts to class, Eva M. Bean; class will, Edward H. Tenney; address to undergraduates, Ralph E. Abbott; class ode, Carrie I. King; class essay, Viola Bartlett.

The students appreciate the courtesy of Prof. Wm. R. Chapman in reserving seats for them, and at reduced rates, for the Chapman concert. It was greatly to be regretted that the concert occurred during the Easter recess, when many of the students were away from Bethel, thereby missing this great musical event.

OBITUARY.

PROF. HENRY LELAND CHAPMAN.

Prof. Henry Leland Chapman, who died last month, after forty-four years of service in the faculty of Bowdoin College, was a native of Bethel and for some time, in his youth, a student

at Gould's Academy. He always kept a warm corner in his heart for the old school, and one of his very last letters was the one accompanying his check for the Alumni table at our Academy Fair.

Professor Chapman had long been one of the best-known and best-loved figures in the New England educational world. He had rare gifts as a speaker and writer of English, and as a critic and interpreter of what others have written; but greater even than those qualities was his power as a teacher, and a capacity for friendship that won and held the hearts of the thousands among whom, and for whom, he spent his life. To them remains the memory of a spirit that found its most natural expression in kindness and in gracious deeds. On the day of the funeral, all business in the town ceased, and the people of the community joined the students in escorting the body to the pine-bordered cemetery beside the college yard. "The root of the qualities that made Professor Chapman loved by all," said President Hyde in his eulogy, "was in the wholeness of the man. His high spiritual purpose always found fit expression in secular activity." There are so many half men in the world—so many who fail to give any secular expression to their spiritual aspirations, or whose secular activities have no root in spiritual purpose—that when a "whole man" like Professor Chapman appears, his influence for good is beyond measure.

ACADEMY FAIR AND ENTERTAINMENT.

The Academy fair, which long since became a fixed event in Gould's calendar, was held this year on the afternoon and evening of Feb. 20th,

and never was a fair more successful.

During the entire afternoon, each booth, tastefully decorated with the respective class colors, and dominated by a businesslike and determined band, was the center of an interested group of students and friends of the school.

The Alumni table was very artistic, against its background of crimson curtains, flanked by evergreens, and bright with candles, and flowers. Under the chairmanship of Miss Miriam Herrick, assisted by Misses Gwendolyn Stearns, Ida Packard and Olive Wardwell, the Committee made a larger sum than ever before. For this result they are very largely indebted to the generosity of old-time students now away from Bethel, many of whom sent contributions accompanied by pleasant assurances of interest that made the gifts doubly valuable.

THE SUPPER.

The supper, under the efficient management of Miss Pratt, assisted by not less than four score of Bethel's famous cooks, formed an important and agreeable part of the satisfactory whole.

THE ENTERTAINMENT.

(The following report of the entertainment is taken from the Oxford County Citizen.)

A very large and very responsive audience in Odeon Hall, on Thursday evening, saw the remarkably clever and wholly delightful piece of amateur acting in the presentation under Miss Lucia Weed's management of Howell's farce, "In A Sleeping Car." There are some of us who feel that however much we may sometimes resent his realism as a novelist, in his essays and plays, Howells is quite the most charming of writers. So it was with high anticipations that we looked forward to seeing under such direction the very brightest of his little comedies.

Moreover it was well known that

the power behind the throne was the gifted lady whose name is synonymous with success in any and every undertaking. All this promised an evening of rare pleasure, and such it proved.

The Herrick orchestra formed a pleasing prelude to the play and the generous gift of their services for the evening is most warmly appreciated.

The rising of the curtain revealed a cleverly arranged interior of a sleeping car and the prompt appearance of a very black porter with sheets and pillow cases on his arm made one feel as if actually on the road. Charlie Small was so transformed in voice as well as in color as to be wholly unrecognizable. The difficult Southern accent was remarkably well taken and with his accessibility to tips and his deft touches to berths and curtain he was a very real porter indeed.

The Californian could not have been better portrayed by a professional actor. Mr. Cummings' fine physique and strong, free words made the part seem his own and he brought down the house in his capital mixture of chivalry, wrath and humor.

Mr. Edward Roberts, the much enduring Bostonian, was so transformed from Winfield Wight's ordinary appearance, with ten years addition of maturity in voice and carriage, that he was delightfully adequate to his very trying position as husband and father.

Mr. Willis Campbell, the long-lost brother, was another one of those surprises in which one sees the coming man. This part, by Carroll Valentine, was so well taken as to call forth warm expressions of interest that one wholly inexperienced in portraying such a part could have given such an interpretation.

Ernest Bowler, as the alert, decided, yet attentive conductor, protecting

his hysterically, alarmed invalid passengers, Miss Pratt and Miss Freeman, in a manner which called forth shouts of laughter, was wholly alive to the needs of the situation.

The sarcastic conversation from closed berths between Mr. Hanscom and Mr. Moore were bits of dramatic perfection, while the interpolations of irate and wakeful passengers given by students were funny beyond description. The mischievous cry of "Train robbers," with Rounds' impish grin, as his face and tousled hair appeared at his berth curtains, after rousing a panic in the car, was one of the funniest of the many funny touches.

Aunt Mary in the person of Mrs. Eugene Vandenkerkhoven was as clever a piece of dramatic work as could be seen in real play-acting. White-haired, decided, unimaginative and decidedly dictatorial, she left nothing to be desired in her interpretation.

All this support gave Miss Lucia Weed freedom to throw into her part, as Mrs. Edward Roberts, a perfect representative of the type of the woman which Howells delighted to portray and whom we have all met travelling, or otherwise.

The one-idea-d little lady with every possible change rung on the feminine limitations of this type, usually known as "the sweet woman."

Miss Weed's well known dramatic ability was never more severely tested than in holding steadily to a conception of utter inadequacy, never for a moment losing the consistent idiocy of behavior which marked this difficult character. Very pretty was she as the young mother, with a baby of exceptionally good training and in her various moods and tenses her expressive face and graceful bearing made her a

very lovely and lovable impersonator. The perfect enunciation and sweet carrying voice may well have made her an object lesson to our students, as well as the unselfish spirit with which she carried on difficult rehearsals, weighted as she was by great anxiety as to the safety of near relatives in Mexico City. Miss Weed may be assured of full appreciation of this last of the many gracious services that have marked her stay among us.

We are all deeply indebted to both Mrs. Gehring and Miss Weed, not only for the gratifying financial results of the evening, but for giving us the great pleasure of seeing so perfect a piece of work.

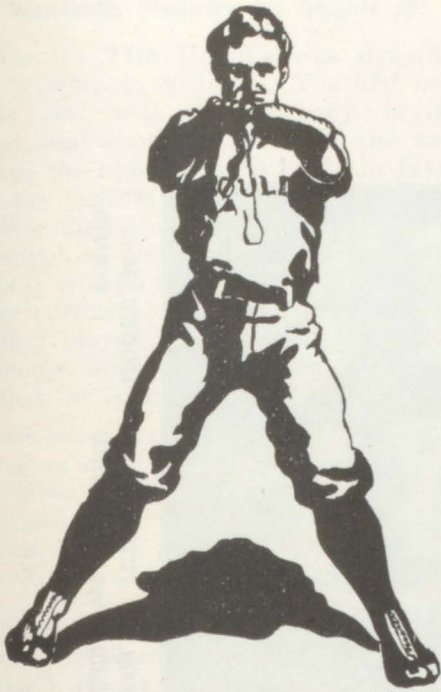
AN AFTERWORD.

On the whole the Fair was an unqualified success, and the hearty thanks of teachers and students are herewith extended to loyal alumni at home and abroad who contributed so generously to make the fourteenth annual fair of Gould's Academy the most successful ever.

The net receipts of fair, supper and entertainment amounted to \$235.00, which has been expended as follows:

To complete payment for electric lights in the Academy,	\$120.00
Voted to Undergraduate Association to pay debt,	27.00
Voted to Senior class,	8.00
	\$155.00

This left a balance of \$80.00, and at a meeting of the several committees connected with the fair it was unanimously voted to turn this balance over to the Academy treasury to assist in paying for electric lights in the Principal's home. This was done, and the Principal's home has since been wired and suitably lighted at an expense of \$150.00.



ATHLETICS

BOYS' BASKET BALL.

During the season of 1913, six games have been played between Gould's First and other schools. A coach was procured at the beginning of the year whose services greatly benefited the members of both the first and second teams. As a result of this and their steady practice, we have seen some excellent playing both individually and in team work. In most cases, the teams have been well matched, and they have played clean, hard fought games. We only regret the small attendance at

these, which has made the financial support of our team rather unsteady. The boys have won four out of six games played this season, and may well be congratulated on their fair play in all of the games.

Gould's 42, Bryant's Pond 6.

The first game of the year was played on Jan. 3 with the Bryant's Pond quintette. It was something of a walk-over for Gould's, the score being 42 to 6 in her favor. The boys showed an improvement over last year's work, due to the training of our coach, Mr. Dennis, of Bates College. Bowler was the star, shooting nine goals, while Small and Goddard got three each.

Gould's.	Bryant's Pond.
Bowler, lf.,	lf., Hathaway.
Small, rf.,	rf., Cummings.
Cummings, c.,	c., Morgan.
Judkins, lg.,	lg., Adams.
Goddard, rg.,	rg., Crooker.

Goals from floor: Bowler 9, Small 3, Goddard 3, Judkins 2, Hathaway 2, Crooker 1. Referee, Bisbee. Timer, Moore. Attendance, 100.

Gould's 68, Bliss College 7.

Another easy victory was won from Bliss Business College on the 10th. The game was characterized by fast passing and clean playing. Bowler and Howe excelled for Gould's, with Tapley for Bliss College.

Gould's.	Bliss College.
Bowler, lf.,	lf., Tapley.
Small, rf.,	rf., McGill.
Howe, c.,	c., Parkes.
Judkins, lg.,	lg., Bethell.
Cummings, rg.,	rg., Sullivan.
	rg., Barnes.

Score, Gould's 68, Bliss 7. Goals from floor: Bowler 18, Small 3, Howe 6, Judkins 3, Cummings 2, Tapley 2. Goals from fouls: Bowler 4, Tapley 3. Referee, Young. Scorer, Martyn. Timer, Moore.



WIGHT, CUMMINGS, JUDKINS, MOORE, Mgr.
 HAMLIN, SMALL, BOWLER, Capt., KING, YOUNG.

Westbrook Seminary 30, Gould's 25.

On the 17th Gould's was defeated at Westbrook, 30 to 25. The first half was fast, with the Academy in the lead, and continued so until the end, when the score was 15 to 12 in favor of the visitors. The second half was rather discouraging on account of the conduct of the game. The Seminary finally won 30 to 25. Vaughan was the star performer of the evening. Capt. Tilton played a strong game for the winners, while Bowler and Howe excelled for Gould's.

Westbrook Seminary,	Gould's.
Vaughan, lf.,	rg., Cummings.
W. Howe, Pratt, rf.,	lg., Judkins.
Campbell, W. Howe, c.,	c., Howe.
Tilton, lg.,	rf., Small, Hamlin.
Dow, rg.,	lf., Bowler.

Score, Westbrook Seminary 30, Gould's 25. Goals from floor: Bowler 4, Howe 4, Cummings 1, Hamlin 1, Vaughan 8, Tilton 5, W. Howe 1, Pratt 1. Goals from fouls: Bowler 5. Referee, Connellan. Timer, Prock. Scorer, Moore. Time, two 20 minute periods.

Gould's Independents 11, Town Team 10.

On the same date as the above game the Gould's Independents and Town Team had an interesting fight on the home floor. The former team was made up of former and present members of the second team. The game was close from start to finish. Most of the interest was centered upon Tenney, who played a very strong game against Littlehale.

Independents.	Town Team.
Lapham, lf.,	rg., Conroy.
King, rf.,	lg., Loring.
Valentine, c.,	c., Clark.
Tenney, rg.,	lf., Littlehale.
Hayford, lg.,	rf., Hall.
L. Abbott, Mundt, subs.	

Score, Independents 11, Town Team 10. Goals from floor: Lapham 2, King 1, Tenney 1, Littlehale 1, Hall 1, Clark 1, Conroy 1. Goals from fouls: King 3, Littlehale 2. Referee, Bisbee, Young.

Rumford H. S. 25, Gould's 12.

The fast Rumford quintette met the Gould's aggregation for a second time on the 24th. The game began with a rush which continued to the end. The visitors secured the lead and won the first period 18 to 5. The Academy boys played fast and sure in the second period and tied this score 7 to 7. Judkins effected excellent guarding against Richardson. Poulin and Richardson secured the greatest number of baskets for Rumford, while Young excelled for Gould's. The game was unusually fair and clean.

Rumford.	Gould's.
Poulin, lf.,	rg., Hamlin.
Richardson, rf.,	lg., Judkins.
Thomas, c.,	c., Howe.
Dyer, rg.,	lf., Bowler.
Andrews, lg.,	rf., Young.

Score, Rumford 25, Gould's 12. Goals from floor: Poulin 4, Richardson 4, Thomas 1, Andrews 1, Young 3, Bowler 1, Judkins 1. Goals from fouls: Poulin 5, Young 2. Scorer, Pratt, Graves. Referee, Light, Damon. Timer, Moore, Hoyt. Time, two 20 minute periods.

Juniors 22, School Team 11.

Three interesting school games were arranged on the open date of the 31st. The first, between the Juniors and a picked team from the Senior and Freshman classes, was fast and clean the first period, but showed some "fight" in the last. The Juniors finally won in spite of some wounds.

Juniors.	School Team.
Bowler, lf.,	rg., Tenney.
Small, rf.,	lg., Valentine, Lapham.
Farnham, c.,	c., Howe.
Chandler, rg.,	lf., King.
Judkins, lg.,	rf., Young.

Score, Juniors 22, School Team 11. Goals from field: Bowler 4, Judkins 4, Small 2, Howe 2, Young 1, King 1, Valentine 1. Goals from fouls: Bowler 2, Young 1. Referee, Moore. Scorer, Pratt.

Fats 12, Runts 4.

After the girls' game, the Fats and Runts appeared in full array. This game was rather one-sided on account of the superior weight of the Fats. If it had not been for Hayford and George, we fear the Runts would have been inconspicuous.

Fats.	Runts.
Rounds, rf.,	lg., C. Abbott.
Rix, lf.,	rg., Rand.
Bean, c.,	c., L. Abbott.
Cole, lg.,	rf., Hayford.
A. Bartlett, rg.,	lf., George.
	sub., Kendall.

Score, Fats 12, Runts 4. Goals from field: Rounds 4, Rix 2, Hayford 1. Goals from fouls: George 1, Hayford 1. Referee, Young. Scorer, Pratt.

Gould's 11, Westbrook 10.

The closest and most interesting game of the season was played on the 7th of February, between Gould's and Westbrook Seminary. The final score was 11 to 10, the shooting of a foul deciding the winner. The game was exceedingly fast from start to finish. Bowler starred individually for the home team, while Lenares and Tilton

showed the strongest game for the visitors.

Gould's.	Westbrook Seminary.
Bowler, lf.,	rg., Dow.
King, rf.,	lg., Tilton.
Howe, c.,	c., Campbell.
Hamlin, rg.,	lf., Pratt.
Judkins, lg.,	rf., Lenares.

Score, Gould's Academy 11, Westbrook 10. Goals from floor: Bowler 2, Howe 1, Judkins 1, Lenares 2, Tilton 2, Pratt 1. Goals from fouls: Bowler 3, Tilton 2. Referee, Bisbee. Umpire, Connellan. Timer, Herms. Scorer, Martyn. Time, two 20 minute periods.

Gould's 30, Berlin Independents 9.

The last game of the season was played on the 14th with the Berlin Independents. The visitors were expected to do some unusually fast work, but the Academy quintette was ahead of them this time. The home players were sure and steady, and in the last period, nearly swept the Berlin aggregation off their feet. Young secured 24 points for Gould's, while Henderson and Sullivan did some strong playing for Berlin.

Gould's.	Berlin Independents.
Young, lf.,	rg., Carver.
King, rf.,	lg., Audley.
Howe, c.,	c., McGiveney.
Hamlin, rg.,	lf., Henderson.
Judkins, lg.,	rf., Sullivan.
Tenney, Lapham, subs.	

Score, Gould's 30, Berlin Independents 9. Goals from floor: Young 11, King 1, Howe 1, Hamlin 1, Henderson, Sullivan, Carver and McGiveney. Goals from fouls: Young 2, McGiveney 1. Referee, Hinekley, Bisbee. Scorer, Pratt. Timer, Moore. Time, two 20 minute periods.



G. DAVIS, A. KIMBALL, V. BARTLETT,
M. PRATT, Mgr., M. BAILEY,
E. BARTLETT, A. SWAN, Capt.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL.

During the winter term the girls played four games. The first was on Wednesday, Jan. 8, between the "Ghosts" and "Goblins," ending in a victory for the Ghosts 12 to 8. This game alternated with one between the

town boys, Lucion Littlehale captain, and Gould's second, Fred King captain. The result was a victory for Gould's, score 46 to 4.

January 10, Gould's first team went to Groveton, where they lost 10 to 0. The following Friday, Jan. 17, Groveton came to Bethel and won another victory from Gould's; score 12 to 6.

Jan. 31, the Alumnae girls gave Gould's another bad defeat. The score was 15 to 4.

After this game Miss Pratt declared the basket ball season closed, owing to a lack of interest in practice.

The line-up of the games played is as follows:

Jan. 8, Ghosts vs. Goblins.

Swan, rf.,	lg., E. Kimball.
I. Packard, lf.,	rg., Bailey.
Davis, c.,	c., V. Bartlett.
Bean, lg.,	rf., E. Bartlett.
A. Kimball, rg.,	lf., King.

Score, Ghosts 12, Goblins 8. Goals from field: Packard 3, Davis 2, V. Bartlett 2, King 2. Goals from fouls: Swan 1, Packard 1. Referee, Martyn. Scorer, Pratt. Timer, Moore.

Jan. 10, Gould's at Groveton.

Groveton.	Gould's.
Hayes, lf.,	rb., Bailey.
Mathews, rf.,	lb., A. Kimball.
McLaughlin, c.,	c., Davis.
Fiske, rb.,	lf., E. Bartlett.
Ellingwood, lb.,	rf., Swan.
Stone, sub., rb.,	sub., E. Kimball.

Score, Groveton 10, Goulds 0. Goals from field: Hayes 3, McLaughlin 2. Referee. Scorer, E. Kimball.

Jan. 17, Groveton H. S. at Bethel.

Groveton.	Gould's.
Hayes, lf.,	rg., A. Kimball.
Mathews, rf.,	lg., Bailey.
McLaughlin, c.,	c., V. Bartlett.
Fiske, rg.,	lf., E. Bartlett.
Ellingwood, lg.,	rf., Swan.
Dodd, c., sub.,	sub., M. Bean.
Stone, g., sub.	

Score, Groveton 12, Gould's 6. Goals from field: Hayes 1, Mathews 2, McLaughlin 3, V. Bartlett 1, Swan 1. Goals from fouls: V.

Bartlett 1, Swan 1. Referee, Martyn. Umpire, Donovan. Scorer, Pratt. Timer, Young. Linesmen, G. Cummings, G. Russell.

Jan. 31 at G. A. Gym.

Alumnae.	Gould's.
I. Packard, rf.,	lg. Bailey.
M. Packard, lf.,	rg., Davis, M. Bean.
L. Bean, c.,	c., V. Bartlett.
G. Bartlett, lg.,	rf., Eva Bartlett.
Edna Bartlett, rg.,	lf., Swan.

Score, Alumnae 15, Gould's 4. Goals from field: M. Packard 4, I. Packard 3, V. Bartlett 2. Goals from fouls: I. Packard 1. Referee, Martyn. Scorer, Pratt.

It was a young lady desirous of getting a license to teach in the "common schools," who, in a nice smooth hand, answered the request: "Name the five great European powers."

She did it, and did not any more than half try either:

"Steam-power, water-power, horse-power, electricity, and windmills."

Ex.

We always laugh at teacher's jokes,

No matter what they be,

Not because they're funny,

But because it's policy.

Ex.

Wishing to assure their customers of liberal treatment a firm of butchers in a country village displayed this sign: "Live and Let Live."

Ex.



EXCHANGES.

Since our last edition we have received the following exchanges:

"Washingtonia," Washington State Normal School.

"Chronicle," Paris High School.

"Oracle," Edward Little High School.

"Signet," Dexter High School.

"Bouncer," Madison High School.

"Caduceus," Norway High School.

"Banner," Sangerville High School.

"The Leavitt Angelus," Leavitt Institute.

"The Gondolier," Venice Union Polytechnic High School, California.

"Bates Student," Bates College.

"Maine Campus," U. of M.

"Colby Echo," Colby College.

"The Gondolier" contains a new feature in "Our Circulating Magazines," which is very good.

"The Caduceus" has some excellent sketches at the heads of its different departments.

We should like to see an Exchange column in the "Banner."

"The Leavitt Angelus" contains some very good stories.

The "Oracle," "Bouncer," and "Signet" also have very interesting literary departments.

We are always glad to receive the "Bates Student," "Maine Campus," and the "Colby Echo."

The natural history teacher was working hard, but receiving rather unsatisfactory answers to her questions. At last she inquired:

"Now, what little boy or girl can tell me where the home of the swallow is?"

Long silence, then frantic waving of a diminutive hand.

"Well, Bobbie, where is it?"

"The home of the swallow," declared Bobbie in all seriousness, "is in the stummick."

Ex.

There was a meeting of the new teachers and the old, a sort of love feast. After the "eats" the symposium proposed a toast: "Long live our teachers." It was drunk enthusiastically. One of the new teachers was called on to respond and modestly accepted. His answer was, "What on?"

Ex.

Junior—"Do you know why a Sophomore is like a kerosene lamp?"

Freshy—"No, Why?"

Junior—"Well, he is not especially bright, is often turned down, smokes occasionally, and goes out at night."

Ex.

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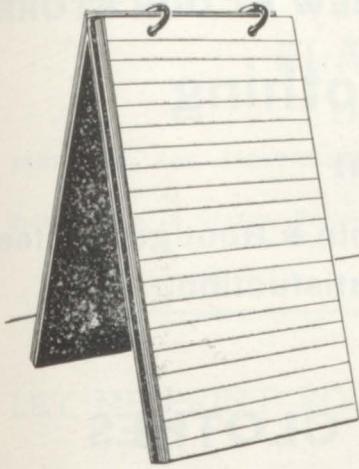
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What is the height of Pike's Peak?
How large was the great Chinese Wall?
What was the Children's Crusade? Etc.

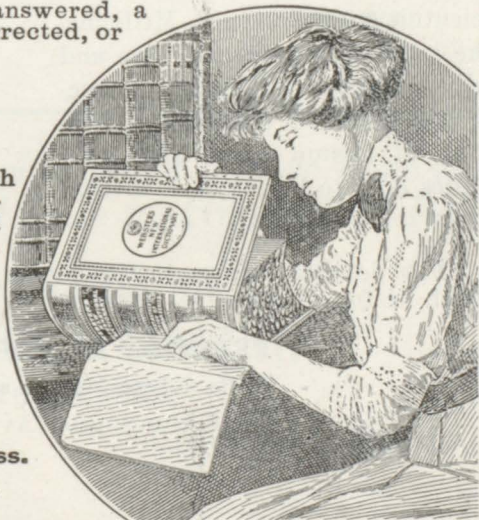
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